

## PARIS LAUGHS AT COUNT CASTELLANE.

The "Fortunate Youth"  
Thought He Had Tricked  
the Newspapers.

Did Not Want Big Stories Told  
About His Fete and So Kept  
Out Reporters.

But Now the Journals of the French  
Capital Are Printing Pictures  
of the Affair.

IT WAS A GLITTERING SUCCESS.

Wonderful Effects Produced by Colored  
Electric Lights—A Ballet Presented.  
How a Half-Built House Was  
Transformed.

Paris, July 10.—All Paris is laughing today at the little Comte de Castellane, laughing in the most good-natured, light-hearted fashion, for it is not a very terrible discomfiture that has befallen the Fortunate Youth. It pleased him, or he thought it ought to please him, that the great fete of last week should not be open to the press; and not a journalist was invited.

In New York, where newspaper men who amount to anything are too busy to eat and sleep, let alone going to soirees, no one would have noticed the omission; but here, the lights of the fashionable papers go gliding as soon as their little sheets are filled with their big type, and they are not too well pleased when they find themselves left out in the cold. And there were no pictures to be had, no photographs, no plans, profiles, elevations, sketches, nor any other thing that depicts.

The French papers had very little to say about the fete; and the English papers went guessing. The Count requested his friends to observe that publicity could be avoided, when the avoiding was done with sincerity. The daily papers, he said, had displayed a decent reticence; the entertainment was mentioned, of course, but there was no splash of description, nor spatter of detail. And, as for the weeklies, they would have no pictures.

### Secured Many Pictures.

Then somebody began to corrupt the staff of the florist, and the staff of the fireworks contractor, and other corruptibles. And a series of excellent sketches, reproduced from the original designs for the entertainment, has made its way to the office of the weekly illustration and elsewhere, and will be all over France in a few days.

As one looks at these pictures one realizes that the thing was really very well done. There was the bad weather, of course, but it is of the plans that I speak rather than of the result.

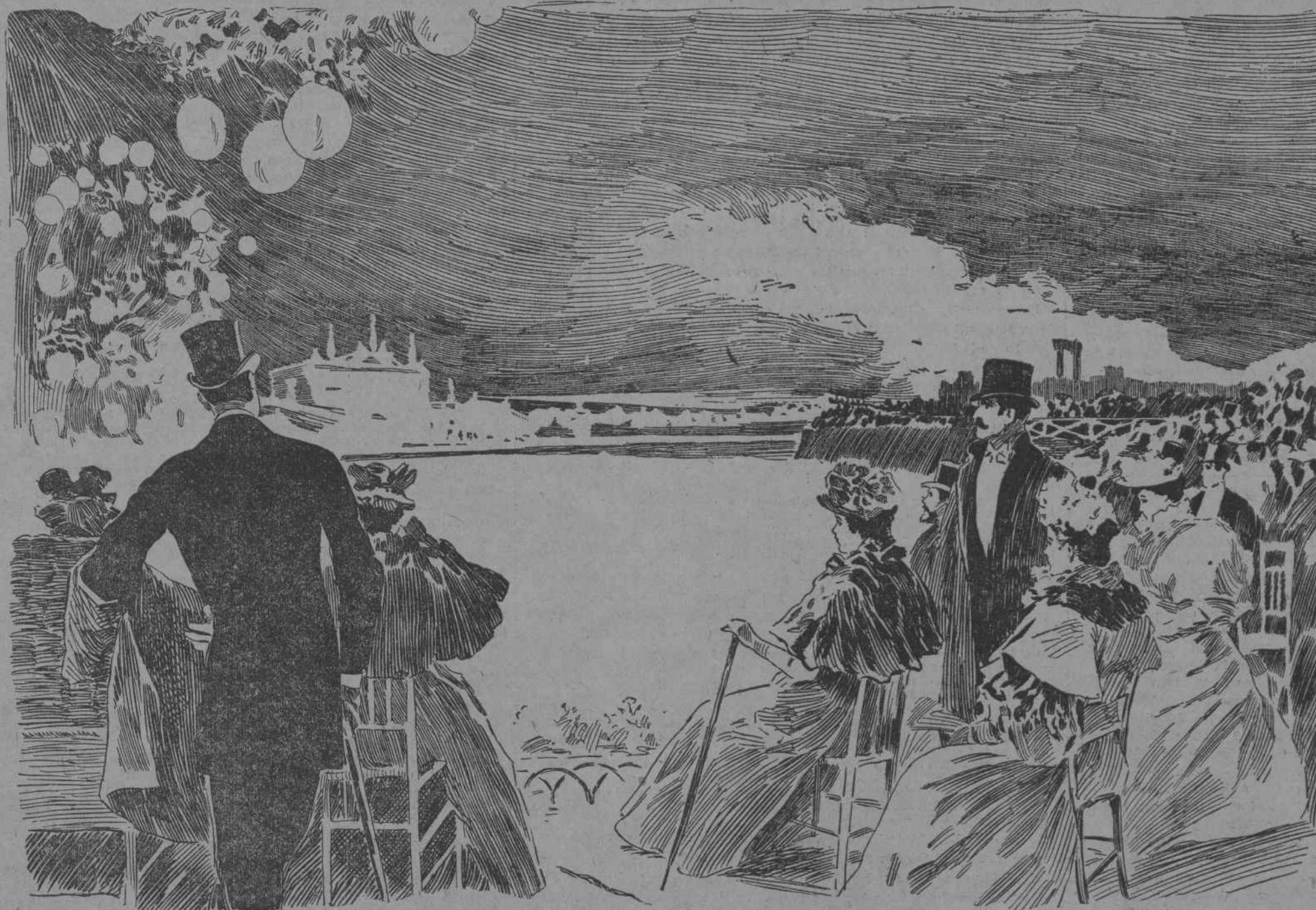
The lake, on which lies the island leased to the Count, for the occasion, was really like fairyland.

The distant trees in the background were lit up with blue Chinese lanterns. Right opposite over on the far side of the lake was a stage brilliantly illuminated by electricity. A little to the right were the lights of an anchored boat with musicians installed upon it. Still further to the right at the extreme verge of the grounds rose a pile of artificial ruins, necessarily belated, but in the foreground, now red, now green, now white. Behind, enconced in a clump of trees, was a second band of Tsiganes, whose music, to tell the truth, was a trifle off color, the wet having played havoc with their instruments. All these lights glimmering and gleaming from out the sombre gloom of the many foliage and beneath the ink-black sky produced a striking effect that was heightened by the reflection of the scene in the water.

**Commencement of the Fete.**  
At 11:30 a rocket discharge gave the signal for the commencement of the fete. Graceful forms suddenly streamed on the stage and engaged in a quaint, dreamy dance to soft lulling music. Seen from the distance they looked like sylphs tripping lightly in a fairy theatre, or they might have been a band of mermaids who had glided up from the depths of the lake. From moment to moment the light in which they were bathed changed color, while the figures wound in and out in their rhythmic evolutions.

This operatic ballet was a huge success. It was applauded to the echo, but one of the most regretted the applause, for it did away with the sense of unreality, with the feeling that one was in dreamland.

The artistic unity of the plans and the care with which they were carried out is illustrated by the fact that the ruins at the right of the background were constructed (if destruction may be constructed) to



A CITY THAT ONLY LIVED AN HOUR.

avoid a blot on the scene. A half-finished house stood there, and its gaunt newness so displeased the designers that the owner was persuaded to lease it to Count Castellane for a month, incomplete as it was. Transformed a Half-Built House.

A gang of house wreckers (directed, perhaps, by a stage carpenter) soon broke the monotony of the walls; and with a pillar in one place and a clump of ivy in another, a dozen centuries were added to the age of the edifice.

The fireworks which succeeded the ballet were of the most modern sort, and created a tremendous sensation. Parisians, for some reason, are behind the age, and the displays at Manhattan Beach or the Crystal Palace are incomparably finer than anything one ever sees in this country. The English bombs and rockets, discharged in generous bouquets, called forth cries of admiration, and when the show came to an end the island smelled like a field of battle.

### FIST FIGHT OVER A PASTOR.

Faction Row in a Church Ends in a Violent Exchange of Blows.

Greensburg, Pa., July 20.—Dr. A. J. Hindman, a trustee of the Parnassus Presbyterian Church, and Dr. G. C. Park, of New Kensington, a former member of the same congregation, had a rough-and-tumble fight last night as a result of a difference of opinion regarding a pastor.

The present minister of the church is Rev. C. H. Jordan, who was chosen two months ago. Dr. Hindman, with a minority of the members, bitterly opposed the election, and refused to make it unanimous. Most of the minority failed not to attend services since, but Hindman and a few others remained, and have so far prevented the installation of the pastor.

This caused some feeling between the doctors, who are among the oldest practitioners in Westmoreland County. When Dr. Park drove in front of McConnell's drug store last night and asked whether "Old Heavens" was about, Hindman stepped out and surprised Dr. Park and others by saying "Do you mean me?" and called Dr. Park an ugly name.

Park jumped out of the buggy and went at Hindman. Several blows were exchanged, when bystanders separated the fighters. The pastor's friends are talking of holding an "indignation" meeting.

### Jewelry Robbery at Long Branch.

Long Branch, N. J., July 20.—The cottage of Frederick Reilly, on Seventh avenue, was robbed to-day of watches and jewelry valued at \$500. Mr. Reilly to-night secured a warrant for the arrest of George Stewart, who he thinks knows something about the missing property. Stewart has gone to New Brunswick.

## FIRST NEW YORK CLUB FOR BRYAN.

Formed Amid Cheers, with Congressman Sulzer as Its President.

He Makes a Ringing Address, in Which He Predicts Success of the Nominee.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH FOR THE CROWD.

Six Hundred and Fifty Voters Enrolled as Charter Members, and More Clubs to Be Organized at Once.

With prolonged cheers, many an enthusiastic whoop, the first Bryan and Sewall Club in this State was organized at No. 45 Broadway last night, in the offices of Congressman William Sulzer. The Congressman's offices are roomy, but they were not large enough to accommodate the crowds, and many had to stand in the corridors, where the speakers could not be heard.

Congressman Sulzer, who presided, stood near a handsome banner of silk, bordered with silver fringe, that bore this inscription in golden letters: "First Assembly District Bryan and Sewall Campaign Club." The words surrounding a mammoth image of a silver dollar. It was an enthusiastic gathering, and the Congressman was applauded to the echo as he spoke in advocacy of the nominees and the Chicago platform. Among other things he said:

"This is no time for speech-making. We have met, not to listen to orators, but to organize the first Bryan and Sewall campaign club in this city and the State. Men of all shades of politics are here, all united to work in the interest of the people's cause. They are sure to be elected. For every man who has bolted there will be found ten, yes, a hundred, to take his place. It is a cam-

paign of the masses against the classes.

"We do not intend to antagonize the State organization, which, we believe, will endorse the ticket. We will organize clubs in every Assembly district in New York."

Permanent organization was effected by the election of these officers: President—William Sulzer. First Vice-President—Joseph H. Herring. Second Vice-President—J. E. Solomon. Third Vice-President—Michael J. Kelly. Secretary—Captain James De Mandeville. Assistant Secretary—E. H. Harris. Treasurer—Senator Peter H. McVilly. Executive Committee—Anthony Clinchy, James F. Graham, Alonzo T. Decker, John Kelly, Meyer Schomfeld, Henry A. Hoke, Richard Lacey, R. D. McIntyre, Christian Uhl and James Brislen Walker.

Following the election of officers came an address on the campaign issue by Richard Lacey, which he ended by saying: "You might as well try to stop a cyclone as to try to stop the election of Bryan and Sewall."

More cheers were given when it was announced that Bryan and Sewall clubs were forming in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards. Of the Twenty-third James Walstead is temporary chairman, while Matthias Chambers fills a like position in the other. Both clubs will not only work for the election of the Democratic candidates, but for Congressman Sulzer's nomination for Governor.

Among the charter members of the initial Bryan and Sewall club are Frederick Kaye Porter, No. 257 Broadway; George E. Peigel, No. 8 East Eighty-fifth street; Joseph O'Leary, No. 29 Prince street; Josiah A. Webber, No. 108 Fulton street; W. E. A. Dammert, No. 213 East Fifty-first street; W. A. Bates, No. 233 Broadway; P. J. Morlarty, No. 313 East Thirty-fourth street; James Wright, No. 641 Macon street; Brooklyn; George W. Leese, No. 314 East Eighty-fifth street; Michael Kelly, secretary of District 49, No. 129 Broadway; Dr. Thomas Darlington, Kingsbridge, and L. G. Mumford, No. 150 East Thirty-seventh street. The new club has a total membership of 635.

The next meeting will be held soon after a clubhouse has been secured.

### ENTIRE CREW PERISHED.

Shipwreck in the Maldine Islands of the Sierra Parima.

London, July 20.—The British ship Sierra Parima, Captain Wishart, bound for Rangoon, has been wrecked on the Maldine Islands and all hands lost.

The Sierra Parima was of 1,480 tons. She was built at Port Glasgow in 1882 and was owned by Thompson, Anderson & Co., of Liverpool.

## BLACK'S CONSPIRACY CHARGE NOT PROVEN.

Brooklyn Carpenter Who Said He Was Persecuted Loses His Case.

Claimed That Local Labor Officials Prevented Him From Getting Work.

THE DEFENDANTS WERE DISCHARGED.

Whole Matter Is a Fight Between Local and Outside Workmen and Will Be Investigated at the General Convention.

The case of James Black, a carpenter, of No. 260 Fifty-third street, Brooklyn, against William F. Plumb, James E. Doyle and Timothy G. Deegan, respectively the president, secretary and business agent of the New York District Council of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, came up before Magistrate Mott, in Yorkville Court yesterday, on a continuation from the preliminary hearing of last week.

Black charged the three with conspiracy in having banded together to prevent his obtaining work in this city. He claimed that their enmity was caused by his having refused to buy a "working card," which, for a payment of \$1 every three months, would allow him to get work in this city at his trade, and by his further refusal to pay a fine of \$10 imposed upon him for getting a job without first procuring a card.

The case has attracted great attention among workmen, and a large number of them were present at the hearing. P. J. McGuire, national secretary of the Brotherhood, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, came here to watch the trial.

Black testified that he was a member of the Brooklyn Council of the Brotherhood, and said that he had refused to buy the

"working card" or to pay the fine, because it was an injustice.

Both Plumb and Doyle stated that they had never seen Black before. Valentine, the contractor, who had discharged him, was not present, and Black said that he had tried in vain to find him.

It appeared, in the course of the trial, that each local council has a right, under the constitution of the Brotherhood, to adopt local rules to govern their own territory, and that much ill will has arisen between the Brooklyn and New York councils, because Brooklyn men like to work in New York, where wages are higher than in Brooklyn, but that some of them object to the New York rule regarding "working cards."

It was brought out, too, that a clause in the constitution of the order declares that each member must consider himself bound by the trade rules of the locality where he goes to work. It was admitted that there would have been a strike had Black refused to work with Valentine, because the constitution will not allow union and non-union men to work together, and Black, by defying the orders of the council, had put himself outside of its protection.

Magistrate Mott ruled that the charges had not been sustained, and dismissed the complaint.

Secretary McGuire said that the trouble was brought about by the rules of local unions compelling men who lived in other cities to take out "labor cards" before they could go to work here, and that the whole matter would be brought before the general convention in a few weeks.

### WANTS TO KILL GARCIA.

Antonio Maceo Thirsting for Vengeance on Account of the Death of His Brother Jose.

Havana, July 20.—It looks now as if there will occur a bitter conflict at an early date between Antonio Maceo and Calixto Garcia. From latest reports from the insurgent ranks it is gleaned that Antonio Maceo is thirsting for vengeance on account of the death of his brother Jose.

The latter was shot by the order of General Garcia for disobeying some slight command. Maceo claims that the killing was nothing less than murder. He is boiling over with rage and is determined to shed blood. For this purpose he will summon all the colored men of the insurgent army with whom he purposes to cross the trocha dividing the provinces of Pinar del Rio and Havana and brave the Spanish forces.

All who have the interests of the insurgent cause at heart fear that a conflict just now between these two leaders will have disastrous results, of which the Spaniards will not fail to take advantage.

It is now conceded by the authorities that during the last ten days of June there were 8,000 invalids in the Spanish army in Cuba, of which number 1,300 were suffering from yellow fever. Reports also show that the ratio of deaths is increasing.

A bold attempt to flood the town of Artemisa a few days ago was made by the insurgent leader, Frederico Nunez. The plan, however, was frustrated in time by the municipal authorities. Artemisa lies on the banks of the Limones River, only a few feet above the water level.

Nunez engaged a large force of laborers to fill in the ditches which drained the lowlands bordering on the Limones River. In this manner Nunez intended to cause the flooding of the town during the cyclone season. Had he succeeded a terrible disaster and great loss of life would have ensued, though doubtless the town would have fallen into the hands of the insurgents.

### BUSINESS MEN ORGANIZE.

Committee Formed in Philadelphia to Work for McKinley.

Philadelphia, July 20.—A business men's General Campaign Committee has been started in this city for the purpose of promoting the election of McKinley. The projectors claim that the replies received from the circular inviting co-operation indicate that 5,000 names will be enrolled here by the end of this week to form similar organizations in all the principal cities of the Union, and Randolph Blankenburg, a leading merchant, will go to Boston to-morrow night to organize in that city. Later in the week he will go to New York.

## ETTA ROBBINS'S TERRIBLE DEED.

She Kills Two and Wounds  
Three More on an Ohio  
River House Boat.

A. J. Call and His Daughter  
Nettie the Victims of an Insane Woman's Fury.

Three Younger Children Are So  
Badly Mutilated That Recovery  
Seems Impossible.

AWFUL CRIME COMMITTED AT NIGHT.

Murderess Had Been a Friends of the  
Family and Apparently for a Fancied  
Slight from the Father Tried  
to Slay Them All.

Huntington, W. Va., July 20.—Etta Robbins, a young woman about twenty-five years of age, by means of an axe, at 3 o'clock this morning, killed A. J. Call, a widower, aged forty-five, and his daughter, Nettie Call, twenty-four years old. She also wounded beyond recovery the remaining members of the family—Lottie, eighteen years of age; Grace, aged eleven, and Otis, aged thirteen.

Call and his four children lived on a houseboat on the Ohio River, at the mouth of Three-Mile Creek, six miles north of this city. He had been making his living by fishing and doing odd jobs for the farmers in the neighborhood. Since the death of his wife, a year ago, his oldest daughter had been his housekeeper and had looked after the welfare of the younger children. Among the intimate acquaintances of the family was Etta Robbins, a young woman about the age of Nettie Call. She was a frequent visitor at the boat and often spent nights there, always occupying a bed with the older daughter. It had been noticed lately that Miss Robbins showed a fondness for Mr. Call, and seemed to be rather hurt because he did not seem inclined to reciprocate any show of friendship she might make. Call kept her at a distance and compelled her to maintain her position of friend to his daughter. Last night Miss Robbins was at the Call boat, and stayed with Miss Nettie and a young man caller on the roof of the boat till about midnight. By that time Call and the children had all gone to bed and were asleep when the young woman came in. Miss Call and Miss Robbins went to bed together in the spare room on the bow of the boat, and all was quiet until about 3 o'clock.

### Boy Tells the Story.

What happened after that can only be told by little Otis Call, who is the only one of the family who is capable of speaking at this time, the others who were not killed being too badly wounded to tell the story.

Otis was in the bed with his father. He remembers waking for a few seconds when the clock struck three. He went to sleep again, though he thinks he heard a sound at that time in the room occupied by Miss Robbins and Miss Call. After a short while, he thinks about 3:30, Otis was awakened by a crashing sound in the bed where he lay. He says it sounded like the crunching of bones. The lamp had been lighted, and the woman had taken a two-bladed axe from under a pile of clothing and was apparently bent on murdering all the family. He saw his father strike the father one awful blow, which almost split his skull from front to back, and which killed him instantly. Not content with this, she continued to drive the axe into his body until he was a mass of terribly gaping gashes, from which the blood flowed in streams.

Deciding that she had finished Mr. Call, she struck the little fellow, Otis, in bed with him, one blow, which almost severed an arm and laid open a huge gash in his side, but did not render him unconscious. He was saved from being killed outright by the bedclothes, in which he had wrapped himself.

The infuriated woman then rushed to the front room, where she had left Nettie asleep. The latter was awakened by this time, and as the murderess passed into the front room, she ran into the room where her father lay dead. The Robbins woman followed, and with one stroke of the terrible weapon, almost severed the young woman's head. She followed this up with other blows, each one making an awful gash, and a final stroke, splitting her victim's breast and laying the heart almost bare.

### Fatally Attempt to Escape.

Lottie, who was in a separate room with one of the little ones, ran into the back room thinking to escape from the boat, as her room door was locked. Miss Robbins attacked her, and after striking her three blows, she escaped to the back door and jumped into the river. Grace, by this time, had followed her sister into the back room, which had begun to look like a slaughter house, being splattered with blood from floor to ceiling, and the door running with the crimson fluid. Grace fared better than any of the others. The deed apparently was satisfied with striking her one blow. It was a severe one, though, and may cause her death.

The murderess remembered that Lottie had escaped alive, ran to the back door of the boat, and seeing the girl struggling in the water, threw the axe at her but missed her. Lottie could swim and succeeded in reaching the shore. She at once notified the neighbors of what had occurred, and soon there were a dozen men on the boat, doing what they could for the injured. A doctor was summoned and he devoted his time to stanching the flow of blood from the wounds of the living.

Miss Robbins was still on the boat and made no effort to escape. She cried hysterically and declared that she had killed the father, but that she was not responsible for the wounds of the others. She was held in custody on the boat, which was cut loose, and floated down to this city, where an inquest was held. She is now in jail. The horrible nature of the crime leaves little doubt that the murderess is insane and irresponsible.

To-night the doctors think there is a possibility of saving the lives of Grace and Otis. Miss Robbins has never shown any indications of insanity before, and many are inclined to believe that her terrible crime is but the result of a well-laid plot to destroy the members of the family, whom she has learned to hate through pique at her father's disinclination to be friendly with her and the elder daughter's greater popularity with the young people.



LES RUINES.

INCOMPLETE BUILDING CHANGED TO RUINS.